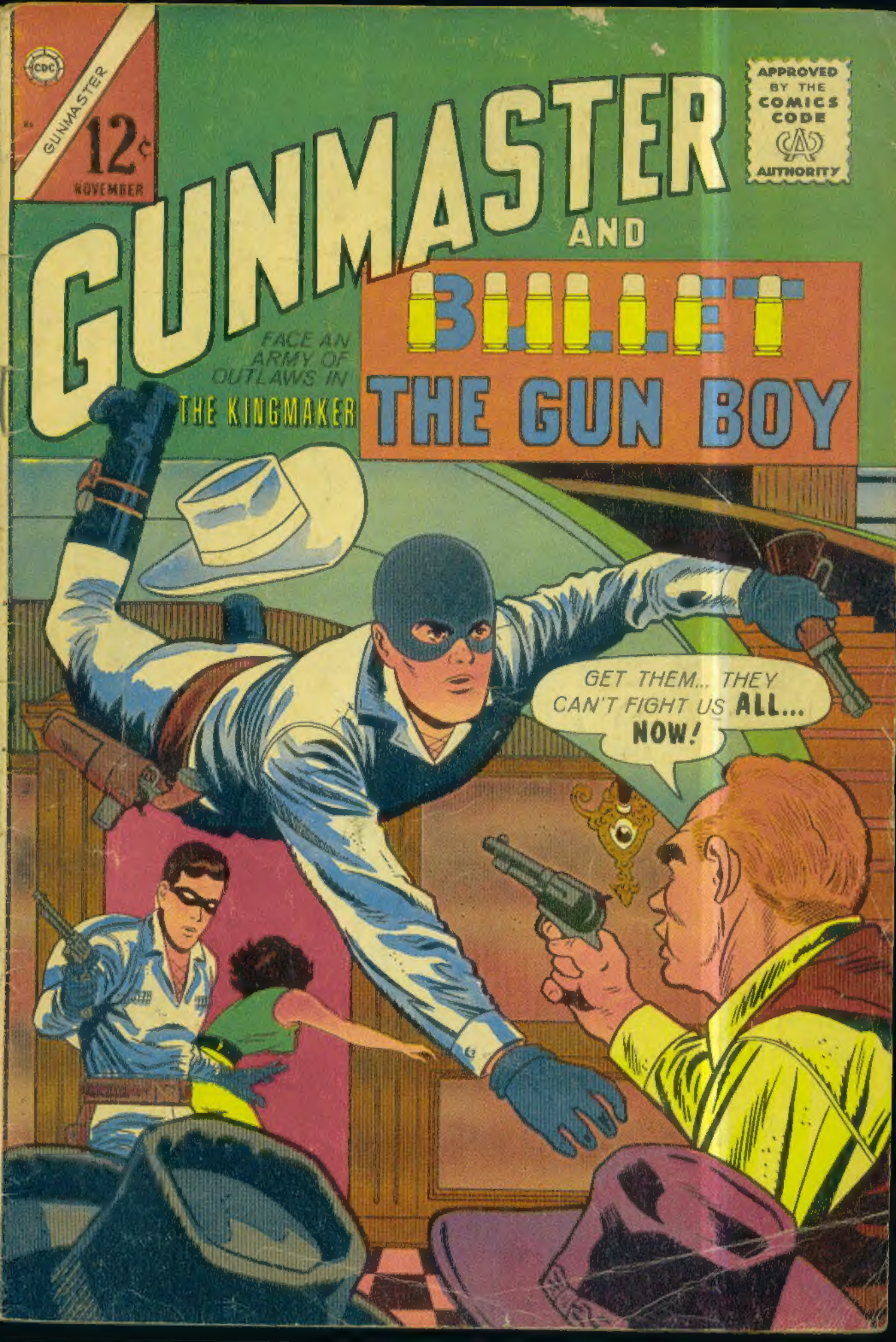

GUNMASTER
12¢
NOVEMBER
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
GUNMASTER AND BULLET
FACE AN ARMY OF OUTLAWS IN THE KINGMAKER
THE GUN BOY
GET THEM... THEY CAN'T FIGHT US ALL... NOW!

GUNMASTER AND BULLET THE GUN-BOY

THIS KINGDOM WAS AN ANCIENT LAND GRANT FROM THE HAND OF KING MAXIMILLIAN...AND KING GREGORIO WHO SAT ON THE NEWLY CREATED THRONE WAS OF BLOOD AS ROYAL AS ANY IN THE WORLD/ BUT THERE WAS NOTHING ROYAL ABOUT THE VICIOUS GUNSLINGER WHO WAS THE REAL POWER ON THIS THRONE...TONY REO HAD MADE PRINCE GREGORIO A KING...AND IT WAS TONY REO WHO ISSUED THE EDICT TO KILL/

THE KINGMAKER

P.III 4988

1

GUNMASTER Vol. 5, No. 86, Nov., 1965, published bimonthly by Charlton Comics Group, Charlton Building, Derby, Conn. Second Class postage paid at Derby, Conn.

IN THE SHOP OF CLAY BOONE, GUNSMITH, BOB TELLUB WATCHED THE FIREARMS EXPERT AT WORK!

WHY DID YOU DIP THOSE CARTRIDGES IN THAT LIQUID, CLAY?

GUNSMITH

THE INDIANS IN SOUTH AMERICA TIP THEIR ARROWS WITH CURARE...A DEADLY POISON! HERE I HAVE ANOTHER SORT OF POISON...

YOU MEAN... THE STUFF ON THERE WILL KILL IF...

NO...THIS IS POISON TO GUNSHOT WOUNDS...IN OTHER WORDS...ANY WOUND MY BULLETS MAKE...

...WILL NEVER BECOME INFECTED! OH, OH, HERE COMES A CUSTOMER!

UMMM, AND HOW!

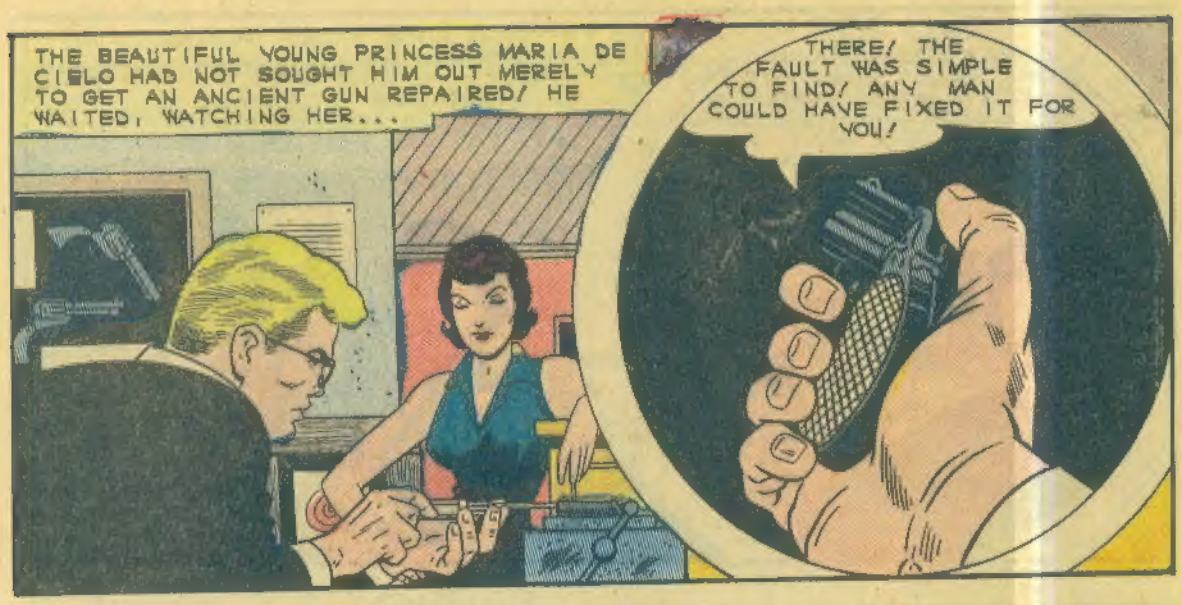
THE HAUGHTY PATRICIAN BEAUTY SOFTENED SLIGHTLY AS SHE EXAMINED CLAY BOONE. HERE, SHE SAW, WAS A BOOKISH CHAP...AND ARTISAN, NOT A WARRIOR... A CREATOR, NOT A DESTROYER!

CAN YOU...

REPAIR THIS... HEIRLOOM?

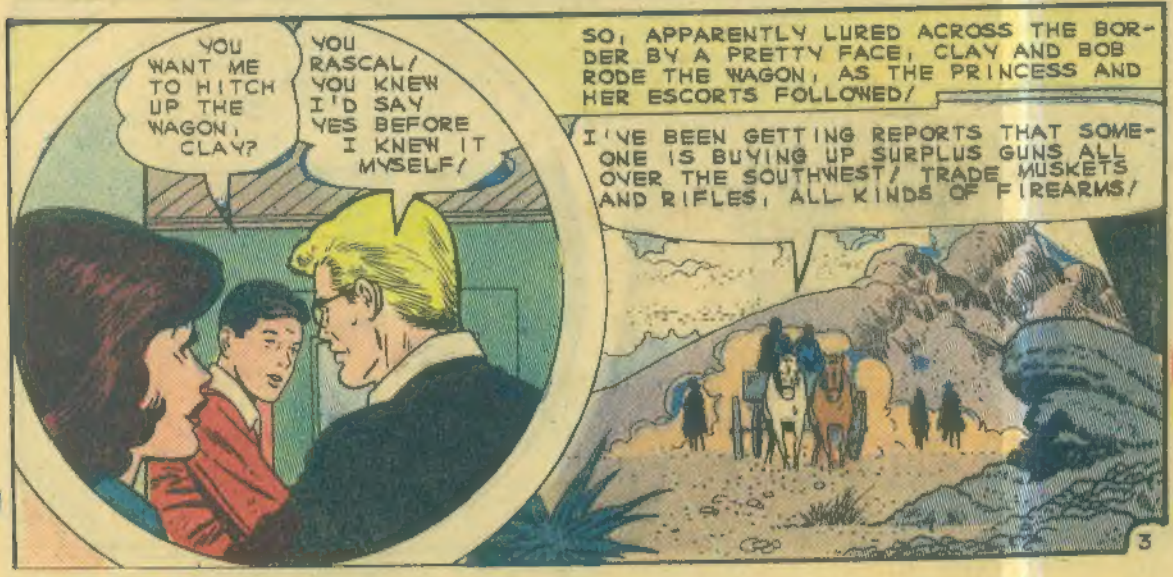
IT IS A BEAUTIFUL SPECIMEN OF CASTILIAN GUNSMITH'S ART, YOUR HIGHNESS!

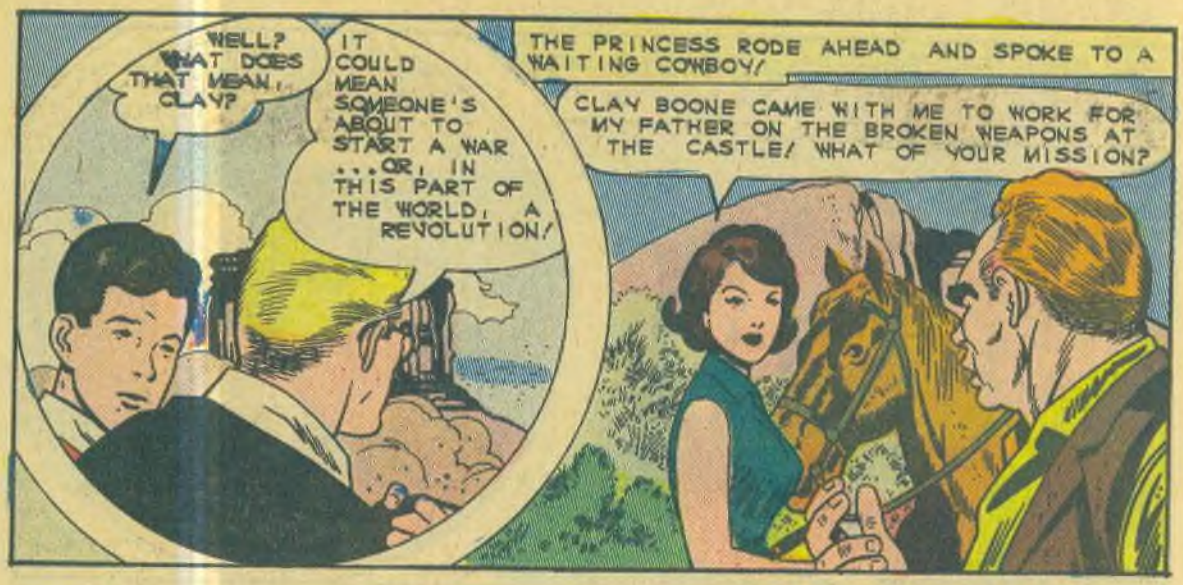
I WISH TO BE INCOGNITO! I SEE THAT MY SIMPLE CLOTHING DID NOT FOOL YOU!


THE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG PRINCESS MARIA DE CIELO HAD NOT SOUGHT HIM OUT MERELY TO GET AN ANCIENT GUN REPAIRED/ HE WAITED, WATCHING HER...
THERE/ THE FAULT WAS SIMPLE TO FIND/ ANY MAN COULD HAVE FIXED IT FOR YOU!

YOU ARE RIGHT, SENOR BOONE/ I DID NOT COME HERE ONLY TO HAVE THE WEAPON REPAIRED/ I CAME HERE TO SEE YOU, AND TALK WITH YOU, AND TO JUDGE WHETHER OR NOT YOU ARE THE MAN MY FATHER NEEDS/

I THINK YOU ARE, SENOR BOONE/ WILL YOU ACCOMPANY ME INTO THE MOUNTAINS SOUTH OF THE RIO GRANDE? FAR TO THE SOUTH?
I RECKON BOB AND I ARE ABLE TO TAKE A VACATION IF WE FEEL LIKE IT, YOUR HIGHNESS/


YOU WANT ME TO HITCH UP THE WAGON, CLAY?
YOU RASCAL/ YOU KNEW I'D SAY YES BEFORE I KNEW IT MYSELF/
SO, APPARENTLY LURED ACROSS THE BORDER BY A PRETTY FACE, CLAY AND BOB RODE THE WAGON, AS THE PRINCESS AND HER ESCORTS FOLLOWED/
I'VE BEEN GETTING REPORTS THAT SOMEONE IS BUYING UP SURPLUS GUNS ALL OVER THE SOUTHWEST/ TRADE MUSKETS AND RIFLES, ALL KINDS OF FIREARMS/


WELL? WHAT DOES THAT MEAN, CLAY?
IT COULD MEAN SOMEONE'S ABOUT TO START A WAR ...OR, IN THIS PART OF THE WORLD, A REVOLUTION/
THE PRINCESS RODE AHEAD AND SPOKE TO A WAITING COWBOY/
CLAY BOONE CAME WITH ME TO WORK FOR MY FATHER ON THE BROKEN WEAPONS AT THE CASTLE/ WHAT OF YOUR MISSION?

I HAVE RECRUITED SEVERAL HUNDRED YAQUI WARRIORS...AND SOME MERCENARIOS FROM NORTH OF THE BORDER/ IT WILL BE A VERY GOOD ARMY, YOUR HIGHNESS/

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE/ GUESS INTRODUCTIONS ARE IN ORDER/ THE NAME IS REO, YOU'D BEST REMEMBER THAT/
YOU'RE IN KING GREGORIO'S COUNTRY NOW/ I CARRY OUT HIS ORDERS/ THIS IS JUST A REMINDER THAT YOU CAN DIE ANY TIME I FEEL LIKE POINTIN' A GUN YOUR WAY/
4

CONTINUED AFTER THE NEXT TWO PAGES

EVERY ISSUE JAM-PACKED WITH WESTERN ACTION! GET YOUR COPY TODAY!!!

TEXAS RANGERS IN ACTION

GUNMASTER AND BULLET THE GUN BOY

FRONTIER MARSHAL WYATT EARP

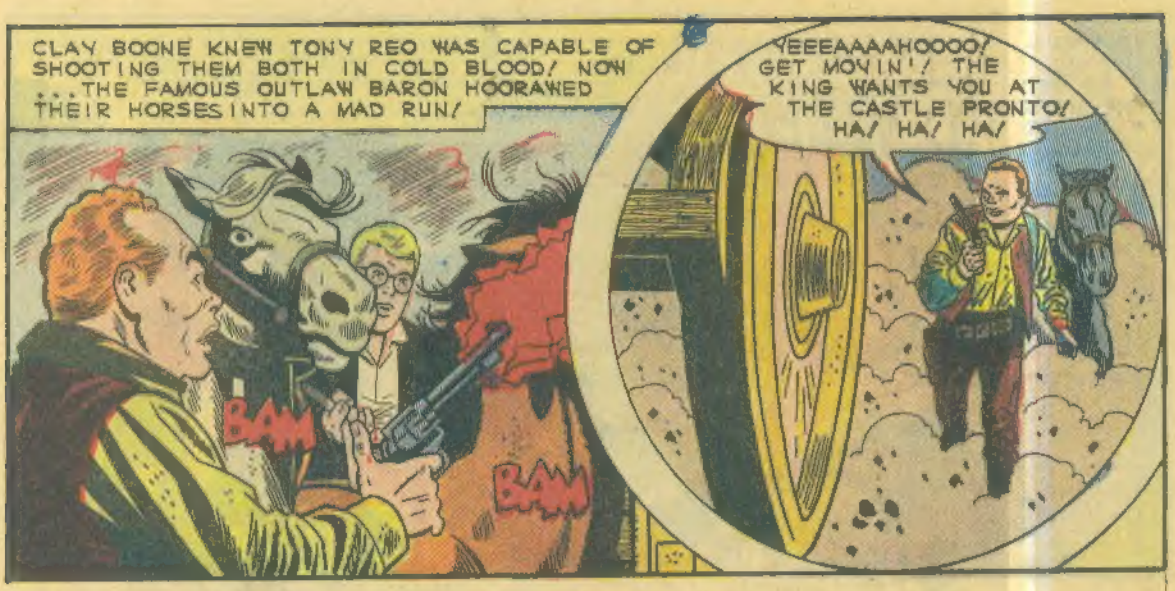
CHEYENNE KID

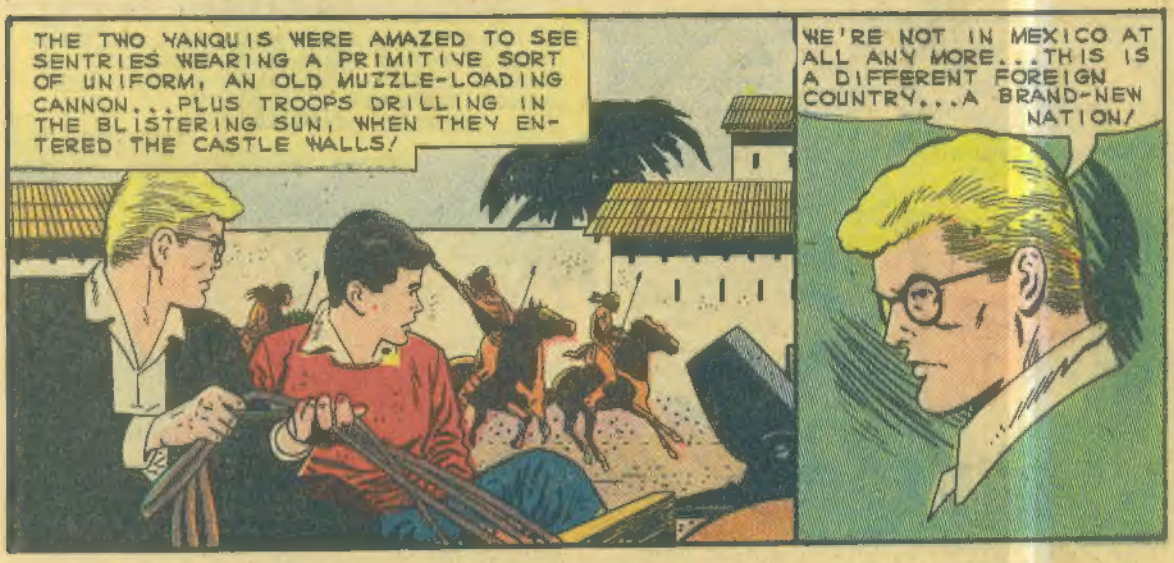
OUTLAWS of the WEST

BLACK FURY

BILLY THE KID

ON SALE NOW!


CLAY BOONE KNEW TONY REO WAS CAPABLE OF SHOOTING THEM BOTH IN COLD BLOOD/ NOW ...THE FAMOUS OUTLAW BARON HOORAWED THEIR HORSES INTO A MAD RUN/
BAM
BAM
YEEEAAAAHOOOO/ GET MOVIN'/ THE KING WANTS YOU AT THE CASTLE PRONTO/ HA/ HA/ HA/


THE TWO YANQUIS WERE AMAZED TO SEE SENTRIES WEARING A PRIMITIVE SORT OF UNIFORM, AN OLD MUZZLE-LOADING CANNON...PLUS TROOPS DRILLING IN THE BLISTERING SUN, WHEN THEY ENTERED THE CASTLE WALLS/
WE'RE NOT IN MEXICO AT ALL ANY MORE...THIS IS A DIFFERENT FOREIGN COUNTRY...A BRAND-NEW NATION/

GET MOVIN', GENTS/ YOU'RE ABOUT TO MEET THE KING/
DO EXACTLY AS HE SAYS, BOB/
HOLY COW/
INCREDIBLE/

IT WAS A THRONE... A GOLDEN THRONE ON A RAISED DAIS... WITH TWO HARDENED GUNSLINGERS LOUNGING AT EITHER SIDE OF THE REIGNING MONARCH!

HERE'S THE GUN MECHANICS YUH SENT FOR, YOUR HIGHNESS!

TREAT THEM GENTLY, SENOR REO! ILL TREATMENT NEVER RESULTS IN GOOD WORK!

WE CAME OF OUR OWN FREE WILL, SIR! YOUR LOVELY DAUGHTER SAID YOU HAD WORK FOR US!

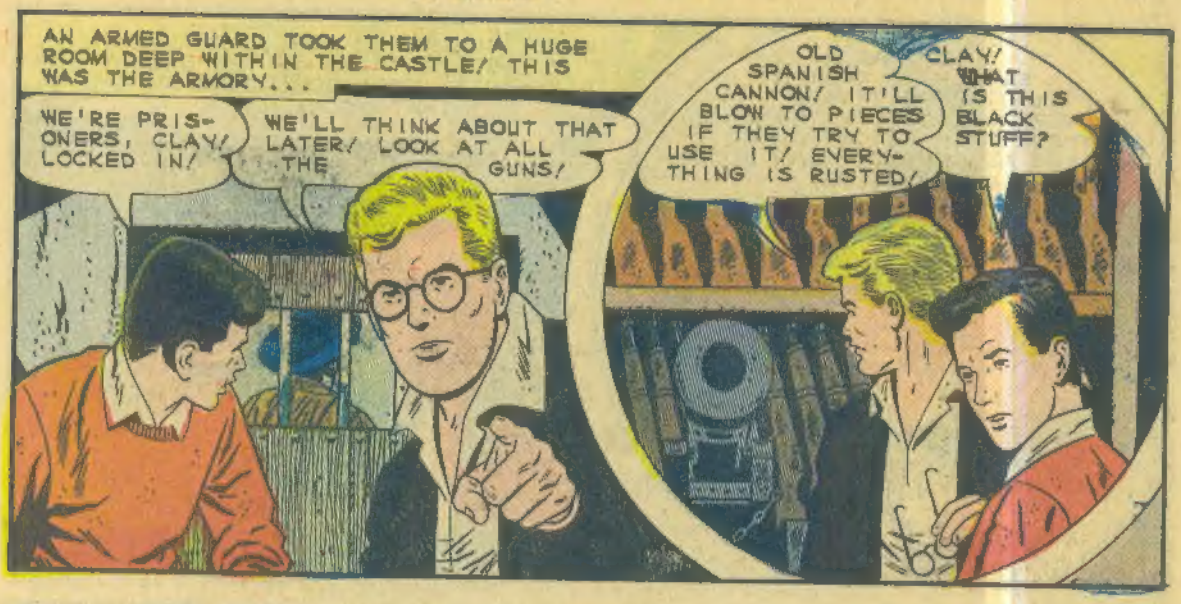
PRINCESS MARIA IS INDEED PERSUASIVE! I DO HAVE NEED FOR YOUR SKILLS, SENOR BOONE!

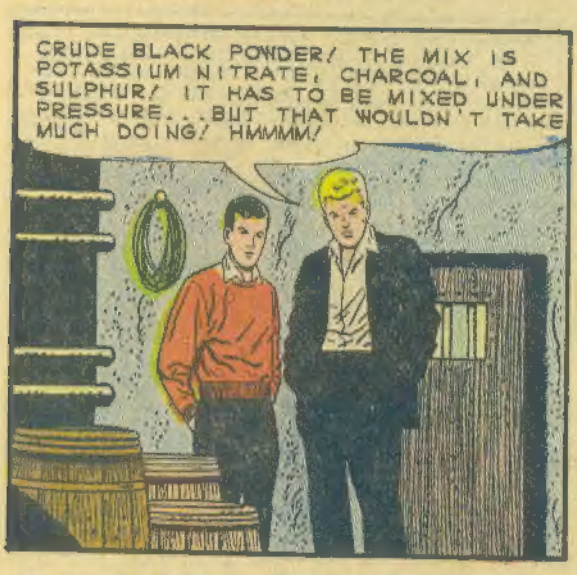
I HAVE PURCHASED WITH MONIES PROVIDED BY MY GENEROUS SPONSOR, SENOR REO, NUMEROUS GUNS AND WEAPONS! SOME OF THESE ARE IN URGENT NEED OF REPAIR!

WHO'LL USE THESE WEAPONS WHEN I GET 'EM FIXED, YOUR HIGHNESS? WHAT WAR ARE YOU GOING TO FIGHT?

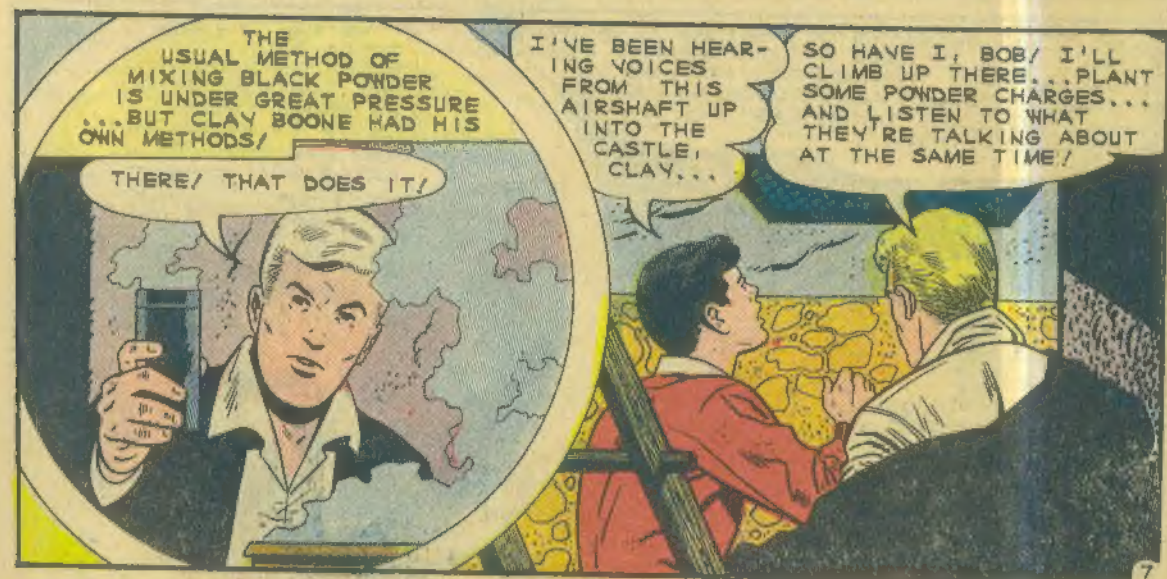
YOU MISUNDERSTAND, MY BOY! WE HAVE A NATION HERE ...AND AN ARMY!

THIS ARMY MUST HAVE WEAPONS! MR. REO AND HIS AGENTS HAVE LOCATED THE ARMS... NOW, YOU WILL BE EMPLOYED TO REPAIR THOSE WHICH ARE INOPERABLE!


AN ARMED GUARD TOOK THEM TO A HUGE ROOM DEEP WITHIN THE CASTLE/ THIS WAS THE ARMORY...
WE'RE PRISONERS, CLAY/ LOCKED IN/
WE'LL THINK ABOUT THAT LATER/ LOOK AT ALL THE GUNS/
OLD SPANISH CANNON/ IT'LL BLOW TO PIECES IF THEY TRY TO USE IT/ EVERYTHING IS RUSTED/
CLAY/ WHAT IS THIS BLACK STUFF?


CRUDE BLACK POWDER/ THE MIX IS POTASSIUM NITRATE, CHARCOAL, AND SULPHUR/ IT HAS TO BE MIXED UNDER PRESSURE...BUT THAT WOULDN'T TAKE MUCH DOING/ HMMMM/

WE CAN MIX BLACK POWDER?
AND BLOW THIS CASTLE HIGHER THAN THE PEAKS OF THE SIERRAS/ WE'LL MIX A BATCH RIGHT NOW/


THE USUAL METHOD OF MIXING BLACK POWDER IS UNDER GREAT PRESSURE ...BUT CLAY BOONE HAD HIS OWN METHODS/
THERE/ THAT DOES IT/
I'VE BEEN HEARING VOICES FROM THIS AIRSHAFT UP INTO THE CASTLE, CLAY...
SO HAVE I, BOB/ I'LL CLIMB UP THERE...PLANT SOME POWDER CHARGES... AND LISTEN TO WHAT THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT AT THE SAME TIME/

IT WAS SIMPLE TO CAST A LIGHT ROPE UPWARD OVER A PROJECTING BEAM! THEN, WITH BLACK POWDER CAKES AND FUSES, CLAY BOONE WAS READY TO CLIMB!

I'M NOT GUNMASTER NOW...COSTUME IS IN THE WAGON OUTSIDE IN THE SECRET COMPARTMENTS! HOPE BOB KEEPS AN EYE ON THAT DOOR!

WE'VE GOT THE SWEETEST DEAL ANY OWLHOOTERS EVER HAD! EVERY OTHER BUNCH THAT EVER MADE ANY MONEY HAD THE SAME TROUBLE...THEY HAD NO PLACE TO HIDE!

WHEN THEY GOT THEIR HANDS ON BIG LOOT, THEY COULDN'T GO ANYWHERE TO SPEND IT! THEY WERE ALWAYS ON THE RUN! WE'RE DIFFERENT! I SET THIS CLOWN, GREGORIO, UP IN WHAT HE THINKS IS HIS COUNTRY! HE'S A REAL KING, SORT OF, AND HE'LL PROTECT US!

NO TEXAS SHERIFFS OR MEXICAN RURALES CAN COME IN HERE WITH A WARRANT FOR OUR ARREST! IF THEY TRY IT, WE'LL HAVE A REG'LAR ARMY TO DRIVE 'EM OUT! NOW...IT TAKES CASH FOR A DEAL LIKE THIS...

WE'RE GOIN' BACK ACROSS THE BORDER AND ROB THE NEW FEDERAL LAND BANK! THERE'S $200,000 IN IT RIGHT NOW! THE HORSES ARE SADDLED... LET'S GO!

ALWAYS COWBOYS

This time the Old Timer was going to tell us something about cattle and Texas towards the latter part of the last century. So Burt set up the microphone which enabled his feeble voice to carry to all parts of the auditorium.

"There was great excitement for a large herd of cattle, over a thousand head, had just been driven into the pens for the night on their way to some distant place. The company's outfit were camping out about a mile off the creek. These rounding up outfits vary very much in size and formation Large owners or companies send from ten to twenty five of their hands, supplied with a properly fitted camping wagon and provisions, a boss, a cook, and a horse herder. There being from six to twelve horses for each cowboy. The cowboy finds his own blankets and sales and receives from twenty five to thirty dollars a month.

If the country to be "rounded" is very extensive, or if the cattle have to be taken up trail any distance before being sold, the expedition may last three or even six months. Branding takes place every day when necessary. The cattle which are not required being turned loose again. A certain number of cowboys drive the selected herd, riding at intervals on each side. Sometimes there is a break out. Followed by a stampede and much hard running to cut off the escaped animals. And drive them back into a compact mass before continuing the journey.

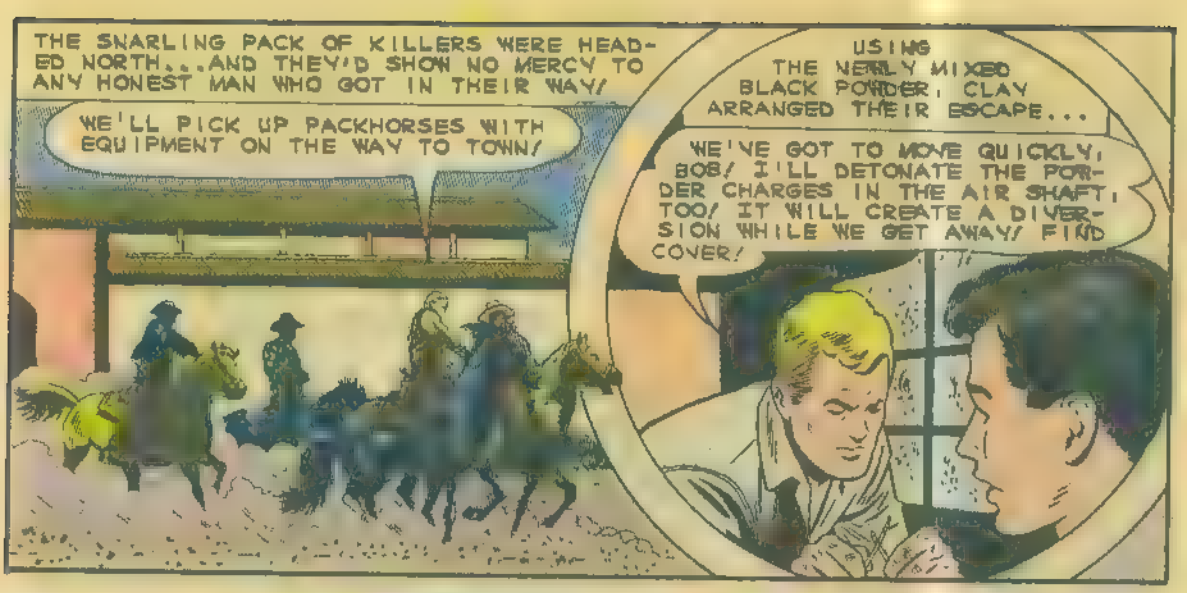
Other cowboys are told off in turn to drive the unridden horses and hunt for more cattle. Hobbling the horses at night and taking them up in the morning, with other duties for securing the herd, are also undertaken in regular turns. The camping ground is always chosen by the cook. The boss giving him some idea of the desired locality. The cook generally drives the wagon also. Smaller ranches combine in getting up such outfits. Settlers joining independently to hunt up their little bunch and clubbing together to pay the cook and commissariat expenses

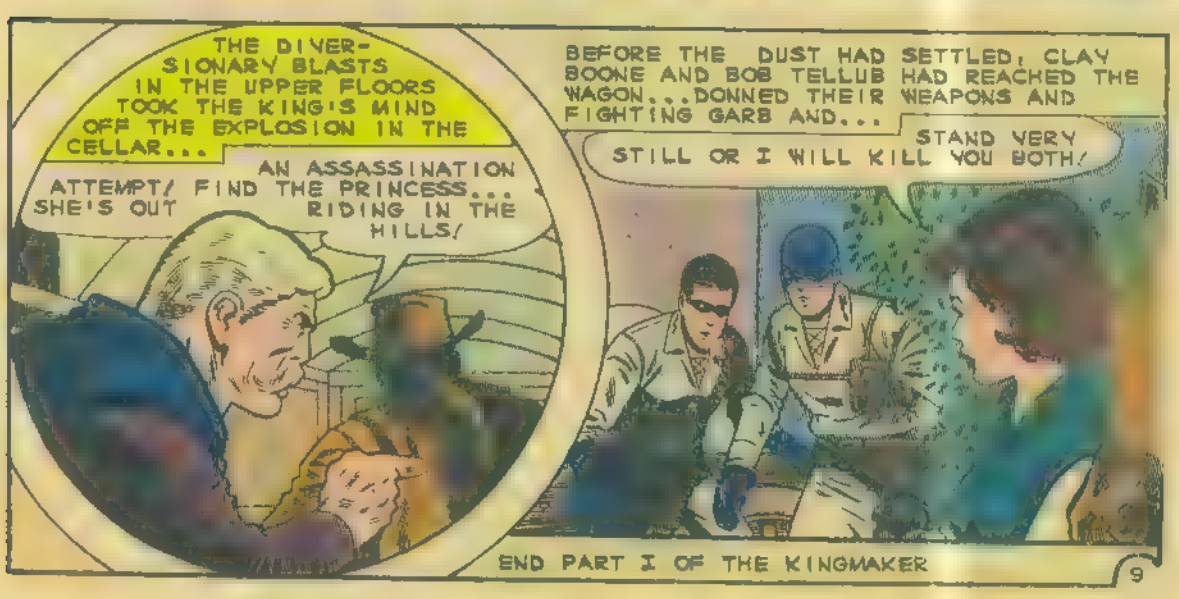
They generally manage to choose a spot near a good sized ranch with available corrals to pen the cattle. Roping is very skillful and in the hands of an expert the rope is a dangerous weapon. In Mexico it is called the lasso, the lariat, or la reata. And it is difficult to say whether the Texas cowboy or the Mexican vaquero uses it the more expertly. In the art of riding too, the one and the other are perfect.

The cowboy would no more speak of his rope as a lasso than describe the evolution of his pony as bucking. This is always pitching. The rope measures forty feet in length and varies in price, in those days, from 45 cents to a dollar. According to its quality and the finish of its noose. Either with leather or an iron ring. Or more often with nothing but a simple knot at the end for the length to pass through. This running noose is swung horizontally over the head. With the elbow at the height of the crown. By this circular motion sufficient force is acquired to project the whole length of the line. The remainder of the coil being held in the left hand until the noose falls upon the object to be roped. A well trained pony will stop dead on feeling the strain. and the rope is wound around the saddle. There is a tremendous strain from a full gown steer. But these small ponies are strong in the shoulder, throwing themselves back on their haunches to resist the pull the moment the rope tightens.

Mexican and Texas saddles are both extremely heavy and cumbersome. High in the cantle with a long horn or peak in front to which the rope is secured. Those of the Mexican ranchers are really costly. Often being trimmed with gold or silver to match the rider's own highly ornamental suit of clothes. He has three rows of buttons down his legs. And his handsomely braided jacket is stitched with gold and silver thread. The whole being surmounted by an expensive sombrero. The cowboys also wear a similar broad brimmed hat.

The Texas spurs are heavy and large but not so enormous as those used by the Mexicans. The bits are very severe but the cowboy never rides on his reins, these generally hanging slack on the horse's neck. Except in round and cutting out. Though as a matter of fact a good cutting horse needs no reining and in fact a good one will cut without a bridle on. In my next talk, more about the Old West.'

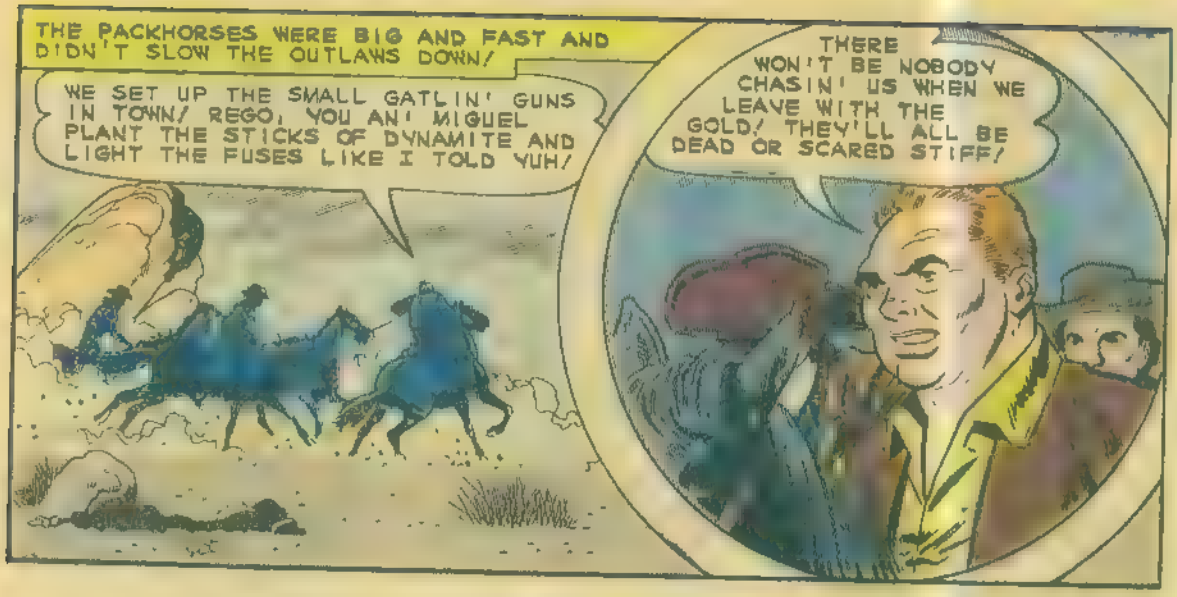

THE SNARLING PACK OF KILLERS WERE HEADED NORTH...AND THEY'D SHOW NO MERCY TO ANY HONEST MAN WHO GOT IN THEIR WAY/
WE'LL PICK UP PACKHORSES WITH EQUIPMENT ON THE WAY TO TOWN/
USING THE NEWLY MIXED BLACK POWDER, CLAY ARRANGED THEIR ESCAPE...
WE'VE GOT TO MOVE QUICKLY, BOB/ I'LL DETONATE THE POWDER CHARGES IN THE AIR SHAFT, TOO/ IT WILL CREATE A DIVERSION WHILE WE GET AWAY/ FIND COVER/

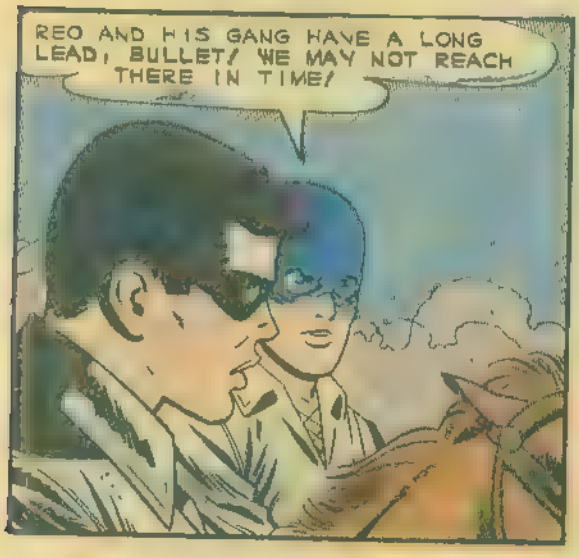

THE DIVERSIONARY BLASTS IN THE UPPER FLOORS TOOK THE KING'S MIND OFF THE EXPLOSION IN THE CELLAR...
AN ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT/ FIND THE PRINCESS... SHE'S OUT RIDING IN THE HILLS/
BEFORE THE DUST HAD SETTLED, CLAY BOONE AND BOB TELLUB HAD REACHED THE WAGON...DONNED THEIR WEAPONS AND FIGHTING GARB AND...
STAND VERY STILL OR I WILL KILL YOU BOTH/

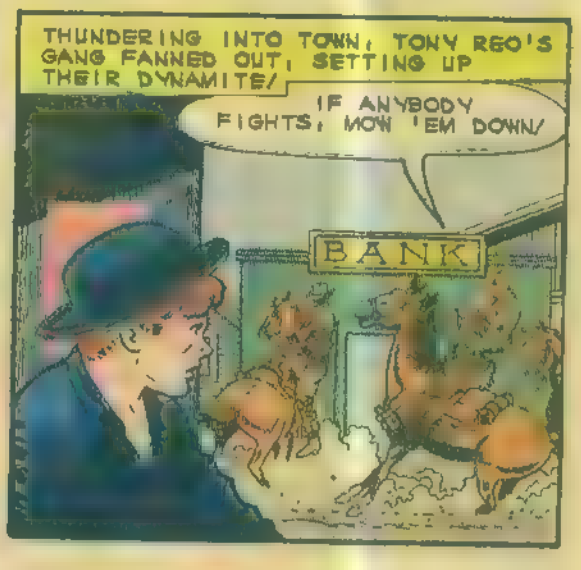
END PART I OF THE KINGMAKER

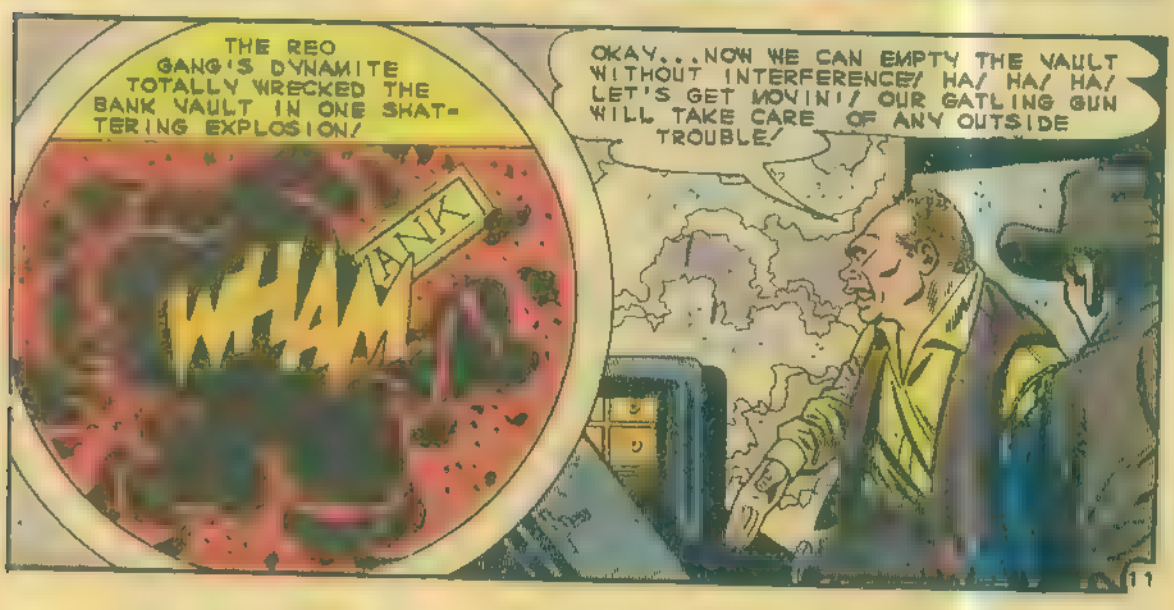
GUNMASTER and JULIET in ...

(PART 3) THE RAID


THE PACKHORSES WERE BIG AND FAST AND DIDN'T SLOW THE OUTLAWS DOWN/
WE SET UP THE SMALL GATLIN' GUNS IN TOWN/ REGO, YOU AN' MIGUEL PLANT THE STICKS OF DYNAMITE AND LIGHT THE FUSES LIKE I TOLD YUH/
THERE WON'T BE NOBODY CHASIN' US WHEN WE LEAVE WITH THE GOLD/ THEY'LL ALL BE DEAD OR SCARED STIFF/

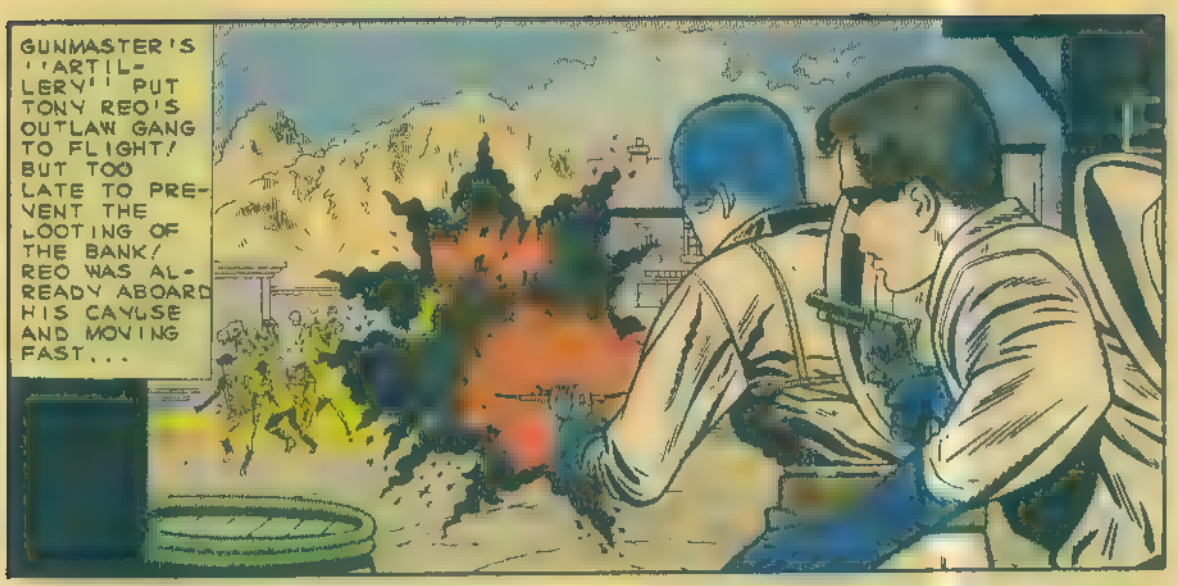

REO AND HIS GANG HAVE A LONG LEAD, BULLET/ WE MAY NOT REACH THERE IN TIME/

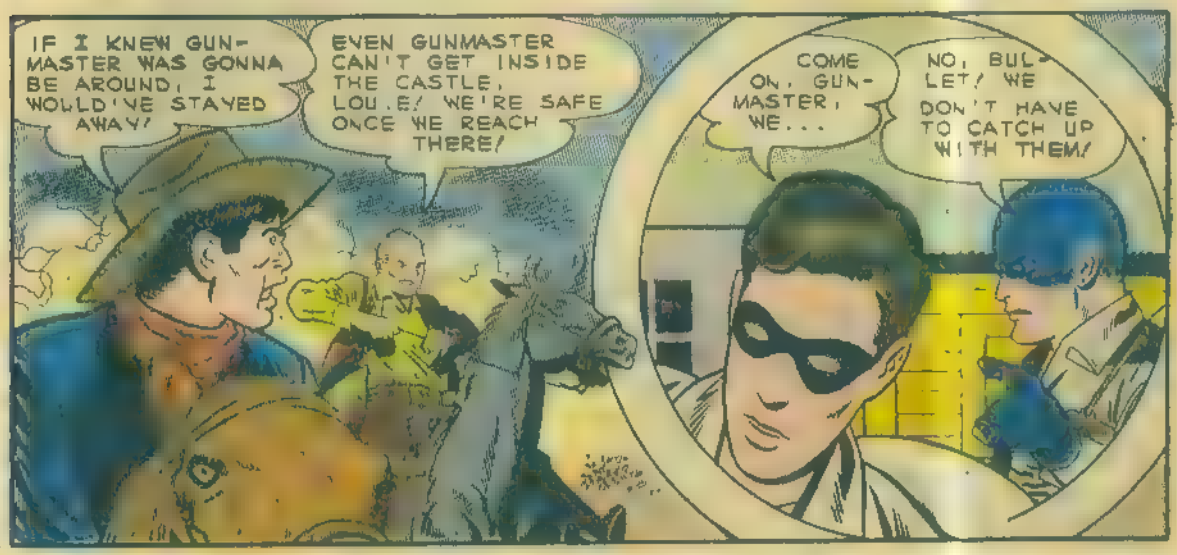

THUNDERING INTO TOWN, TONY REO'S GANG FANNED OUT, SETTING UP THEIR DYNAMITE/
IF ANYBODY FIGHTS, MOW 'EM DOWN/
BANK

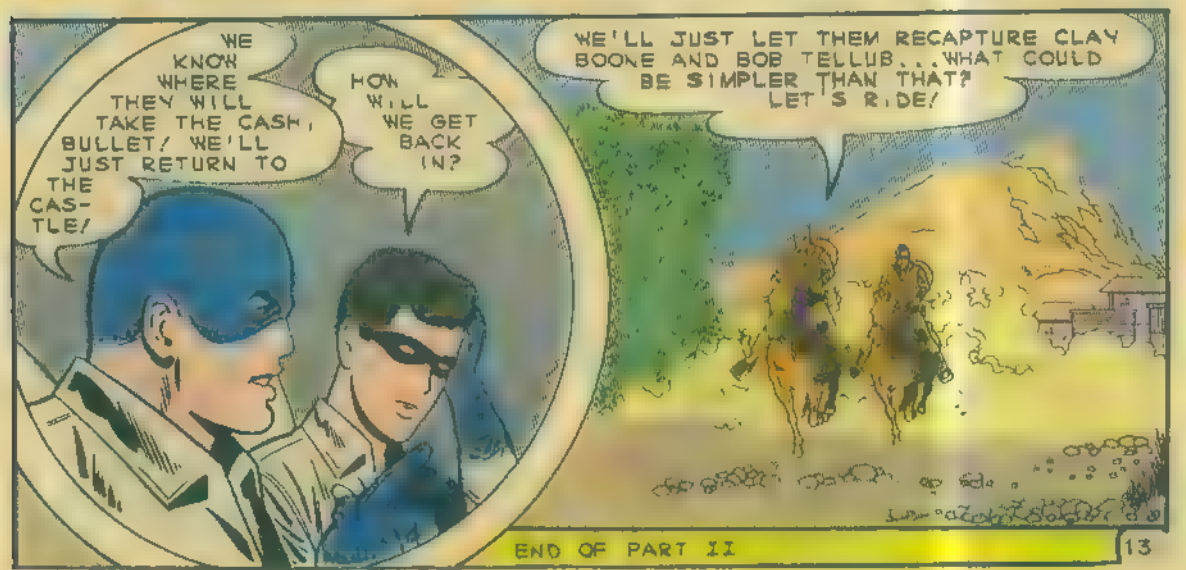

THE REO GANG'S DYNAMITE TOTALLY WRECKED THE BANK VAULT IN ONE SHATTERING EXPLOSION/
WHAM
ANK
OKAY...NOW WE CAN EMPTY THE VAULT WITHOUT INTERFERENCE/ HA/ HA/ HA/ LET'S GET MOVIN'/ OUR GATLING GUN WILL TAKE CARE OF ANY OUTSIDE TROUBLE/

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!

KA-BOW


GUNMASTER'S "ARTILLERY" PUT TONY REO'S OUTLAW GANG TO FLIGHT! BUT TOO LATE TO PREVENT THE LOOTING OF THE BANK! REO WAS ALREADY ABOARD HIS CAYUSE AND MOVING FAST...

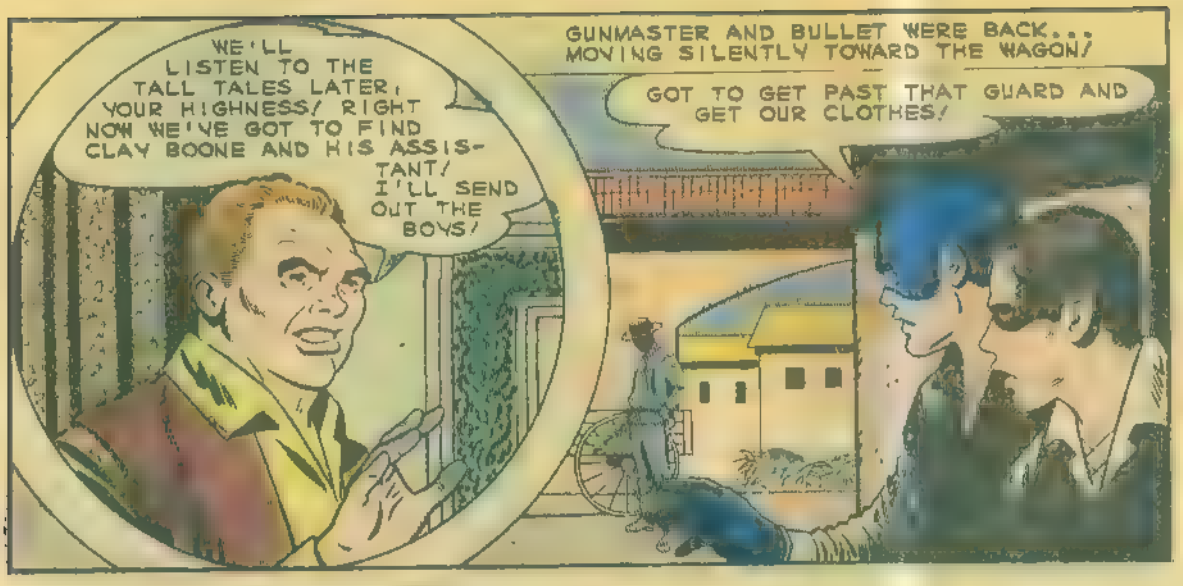

IF I KNEW GUNMASTER WAS GONNA BE AROUND, I WOULD'VE STAYED AWAY!
EVEN GUNMASTER CAN'T GET INSIDE THE CASTLE, LOU.E! WE'RE SAFE ONCE WE REACH THERE!
COME ON, GUNMASTER, WE...
NO, BULLET! WE DON'T HAVE TO CATCH UP WITH THEM!

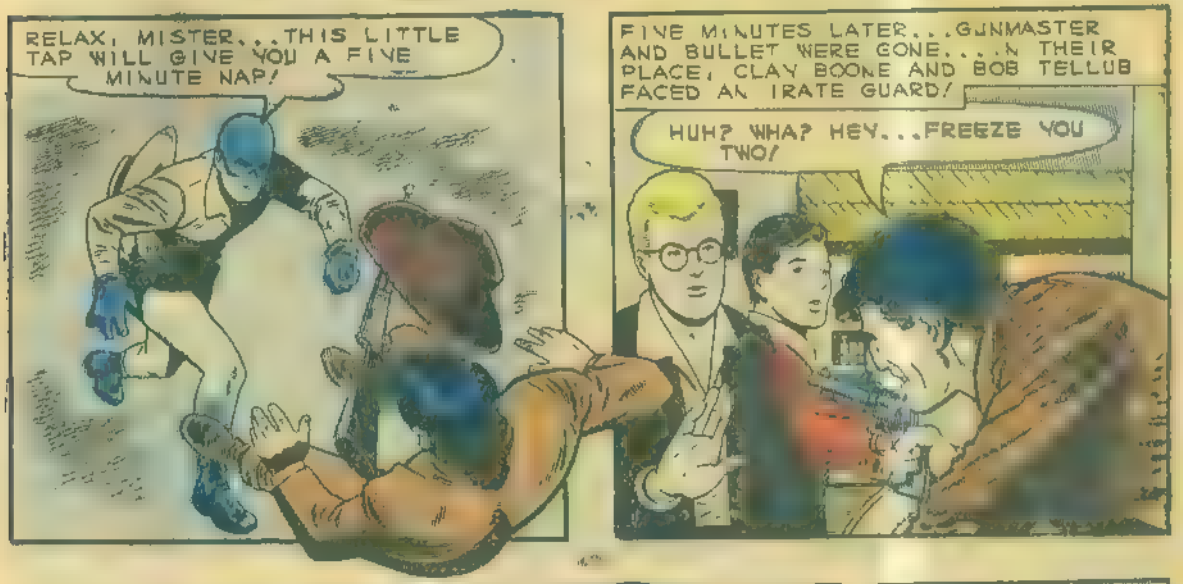

WE KNOW WHERE THEY WILL TAKE THE CASH, BULLET! WE'LL JUST RETURN TO THE CASTLE!
HOW WILL WE GET BACK IN?
WE'LL JUST LET THEM RECAPTURE CLAY BOONE AND BOB TELLUB...WHAT COULD BE SIMPLER THAN THAT? LET'S RIDE!

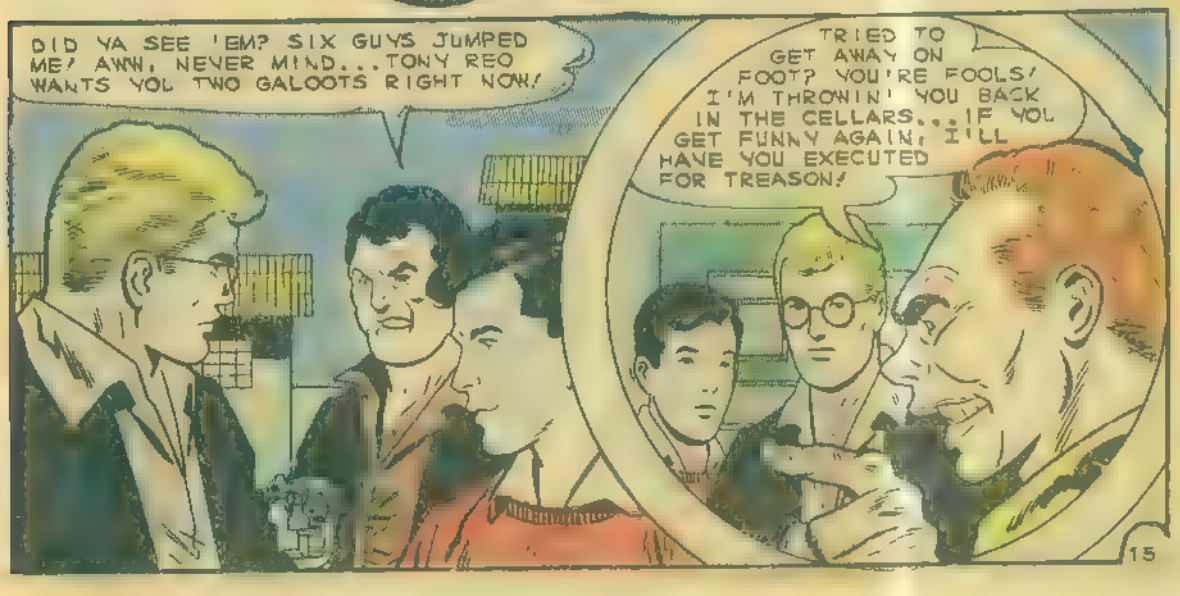
END OF PART II

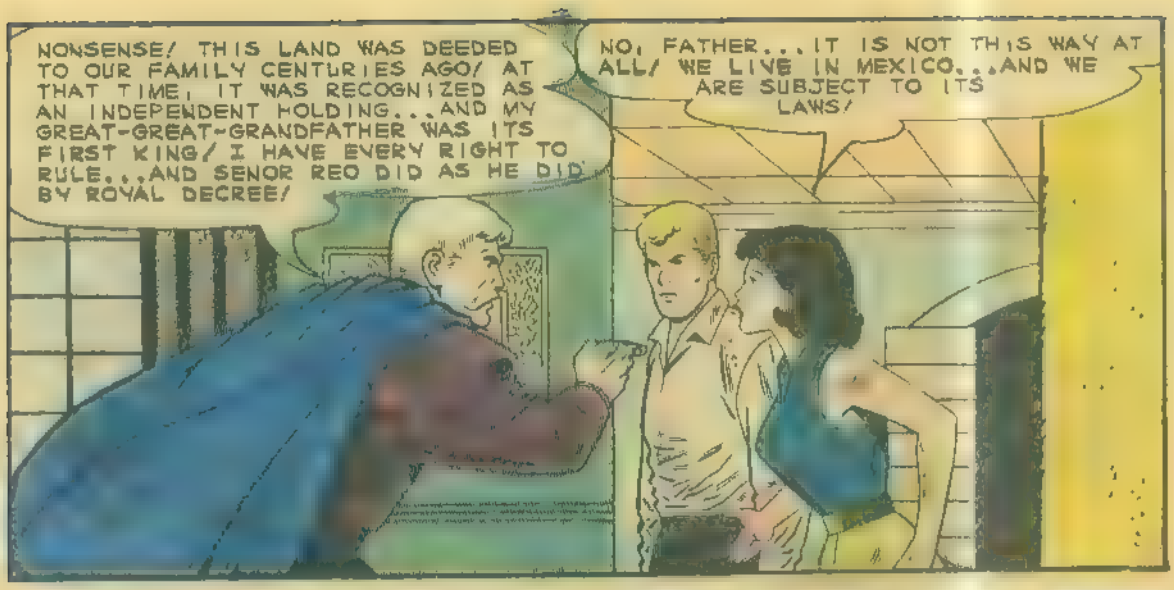
FLASH GORDON

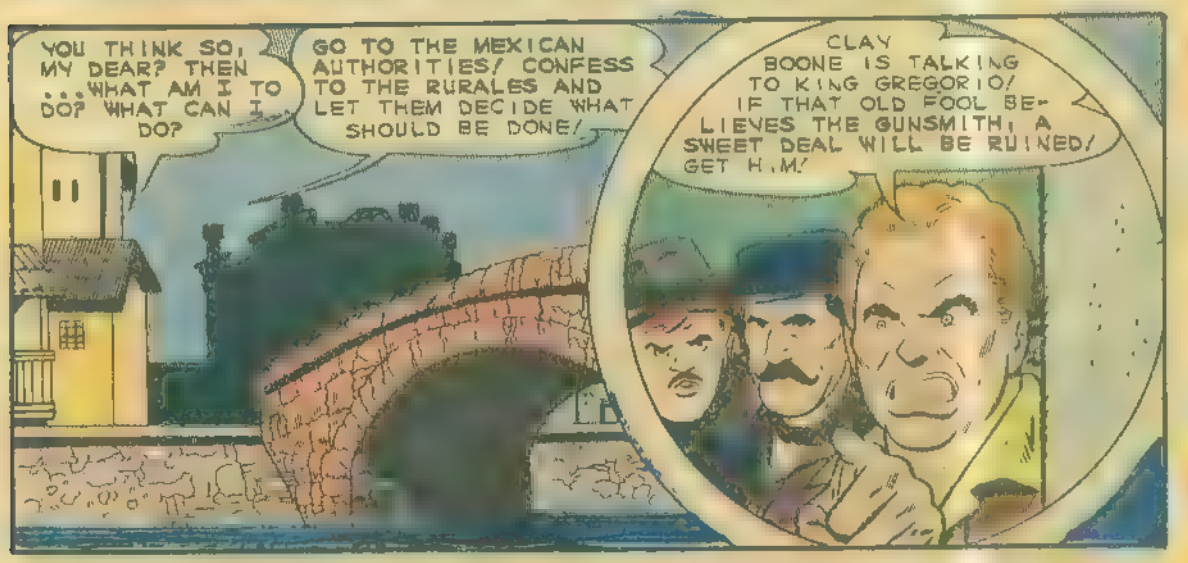
ABDICATION

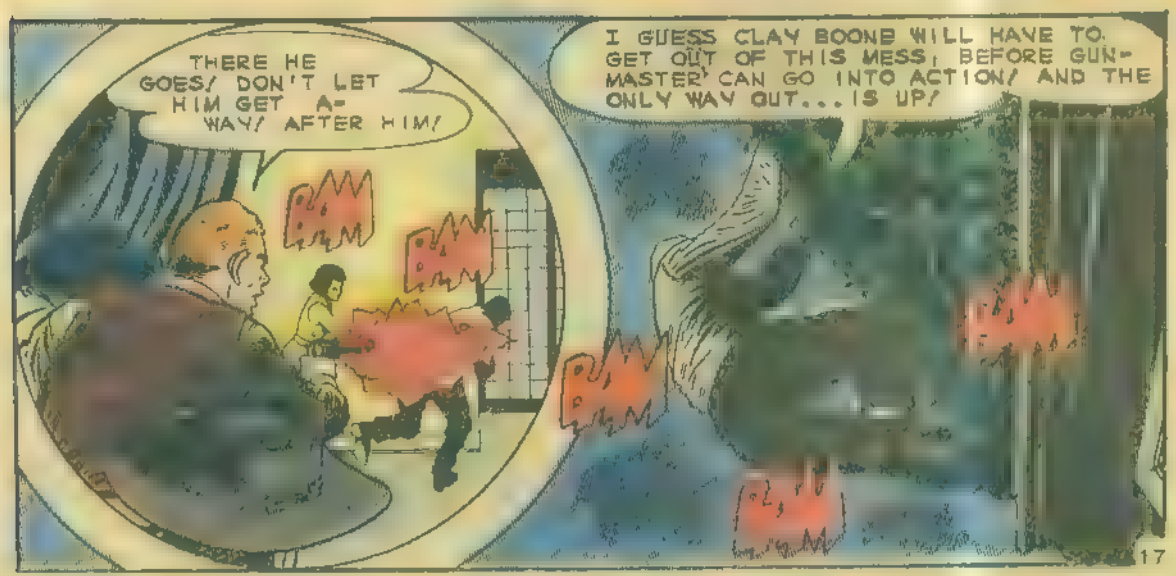

WE'LL LISTEN TO THE TALL TALES LATER, YOUR HIGHNESS! RIGHT NOW WE'VE GOT TO FIND CLAY BOONE AND HIS ASSISTANT! I'LL SEND OUT THE BOYS!
GUNMASTER AND BULLET WERE BACK... MOVING SILENTLY TOWARD THE WAGON!
GOT TO GET PAST THAT GUARD AND GET OUR CLOTHES!


RELAX, MISTER...THIS LITTLE TAP WILL GIVE YOU A FIVE MINUTE NAP!
FIVE MINUTES LATER...GUNMASTER AND BULLET WERE GONE....IN THEIR PLACE, CLAY BOONE AND BOB TELLUB FACED AN IRATE GUARD!
HUH? WHA? HEY...FREEZE YOU TWO!

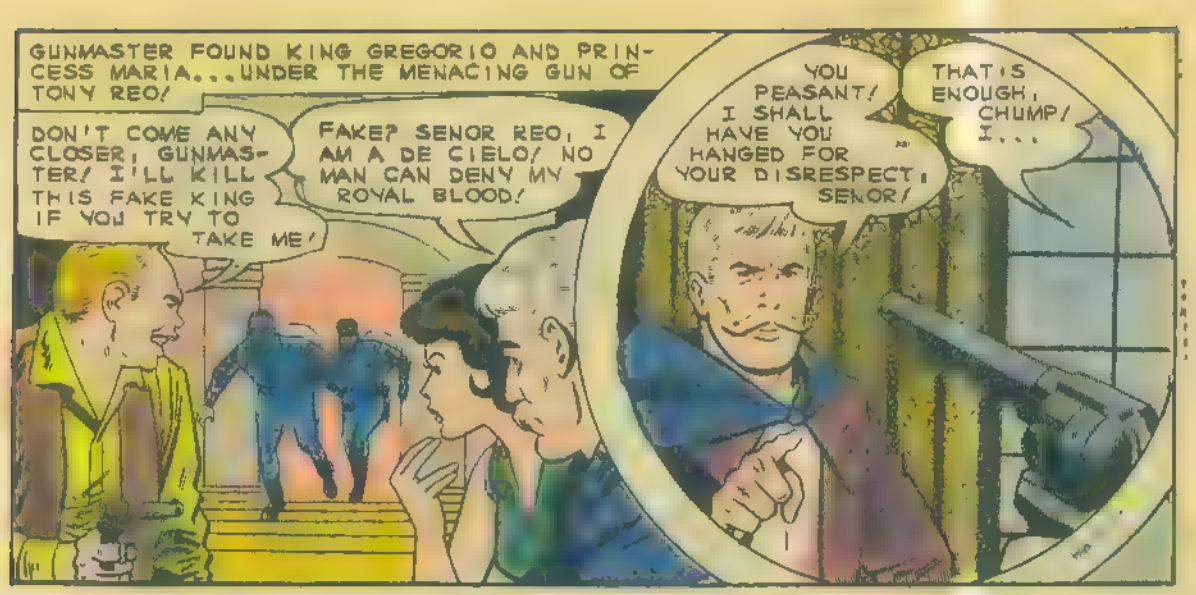

DID YA SEE 'EM? SIX GUYS JUMPED ME! AWW, NEVER MIND...TONY REO WANTS YOU TWO GALOOTS RIGHT NOW!
TRIED TO GET AWAY ON FOOT? YOU'RE FOOLS! I'M THROWIN' YOU BACK IN THE CELLARS...IF YOU GET FUNNY AGAIN, I'LL HAVE YOU EXECUTED FOR TREASON!

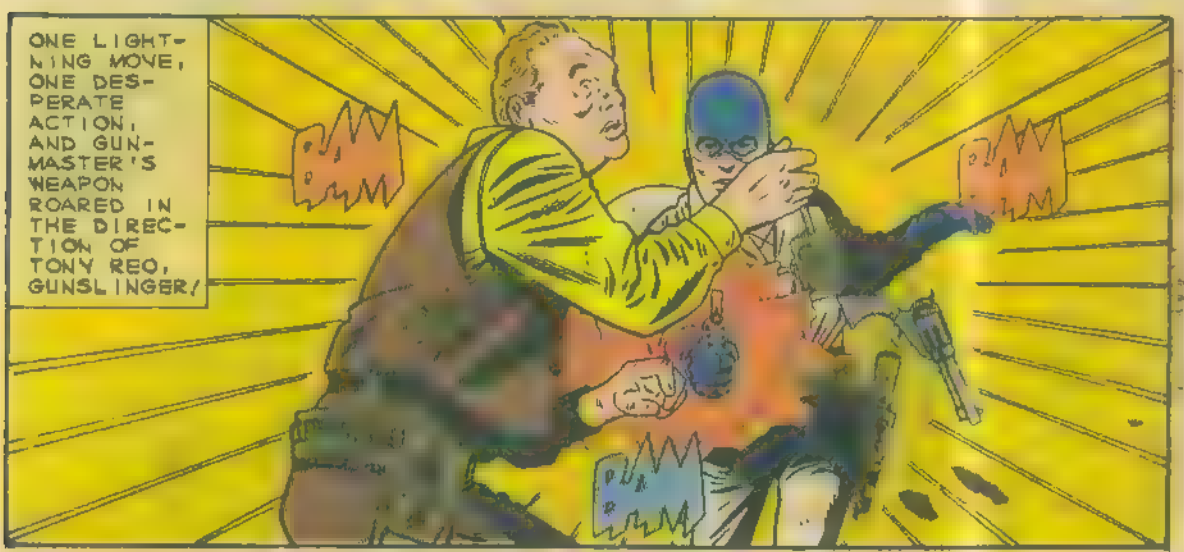

NONSENSE! THIS LAND WAS DEEDED TO OUR FAMILY CENTURIES AGO! AT THAT TIME, IT WAS RECOGNIZED AS AN INDEPENDENT HOLDING...AND MY GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER WAS ITS FIRST KING! I HAVE EVERY RIGHT TO RULE...AND SENOR REO DID AS HE DID BY ROYAL DECREE!
NO, FATHER...IT IS NOT THIS WAY AT ALL! WE LIVE IN MEXICO...AND WE ARE SUBJECT TO ITS LAWS!

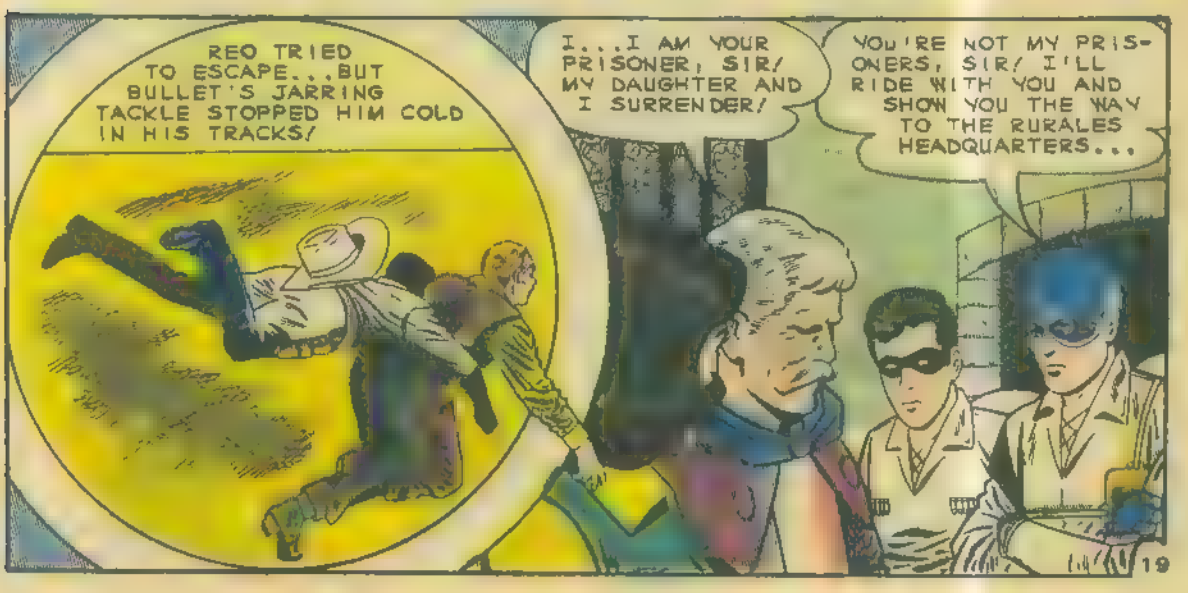

YOU THINK SO, MY DEAR? THEN ...WHAT AM I TO DO? WHAT CAN I DO?
GO TO THE MEXICAN AUTHORITIES! CONFESS TO THE RURALES AND LET THEM DECIDE WHAT SHOULD BE DONE!
CLAY BOONE IS TALKING TO KING GREGORIO! IF THAT OLD FOOL BELIEVES THE GUNSMITH, A SWEET DEAL WILL BE RUINED! GET H.M.!


THERE HE GOES! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY! AFTER HIM!
I GUESS CLAY BOONE WILL HAVE TO GET OUT OF THIS MESS, BEFORE GUNMASTER CAN GO INTO ACTION! AND THE ONLY WAY OUT...IS UP!

BOOM


GUNMASTER FOUND KING GREGORIO AND PRINCESS MARIA...UNDER THE MENACING GUN OF TONY REO!
DON'T COME ANY CLOSER, GUNMASTER! I'LL KILL THIS FAKE KING IF YOU TRY TO TAKE ME!
FAKE? SENOR REO, I AM A DE CIELO! NO MAN CAN DENY MY ROYAL BLOOD!
YOU PEASANT! I SHALL HAVE YOU HANGED FOR YOUR DISRESPECT, SENOR!
THAT'S ENOUGH, CHUMP! I...


ONE LIGHTNING MOVE, ONE DESPERATE ACTION, AND GUNMASTER'S WEAPON ROARED IN THE DIRECTION OF TONY REO, GUNSLINGER!


REO TRIED TO ESCAPE...BUT BULLET'S JARRING TACKLE STOPPED HIM COLD IN HIS TRACKS!
I...I AM YOUR PRISONER, SIR! MY DAUGHTER AND I SURRENDER!
YOU'RE NOT MY PRISONERS, SIR! I'LL RIDE WITH YOU AND SHOW YOU THE WAY TO THE RURALES HEADQUARTERS...

BUT THE TRIP WASN'T NECESSARY! THE RURALES HAD ARRIVED...

I SEE YOU HAVE THE MAN I AM AFTER, GUNMASTER! TONY REO...THE LEADER OF THE GANG WHICH STOLE $200,000 NORTH OF THE RIO GRANDE!

I DON'T THINK ANY OF THE GANG GOT AWAY, CAPTAIN! DON GREGORIO, THIS IS CAPTAIN FILIPPO OF THE RURALES!

I SURRENDER TO YOU, CAPITANO!

DON GREGORIO, I ALREADY KNOW THE STORY AND YOU ARE ALMOST COMPLETELY INNOCENT OF EVIL! WHERE IS GUNMASTER?

COME ON! THEY'LL FIGURE OUT OUR REAL IDENTITY IF WE STICK AROUND!

THEY'RE ESCAPING! STOP! WE ONLY WISH TO THANK YOU!

CHANGING BACK TO THE IDENTITIES OF CLAY BOONE AND BOB TELLUB...

THE GIRL'S PRETTY SMART, BOB! IF SHE TELLS...

SHE WON'T, CLAY! HERE SHE COMES NOW! I THINK SHE KIND OF LIKES YOU ANYHOW!

BUT CLAY BOONE LEARNED THIS WAS NOT SO! THE ONE SHE REALLY LIKED WAS...

ADIOS... GUNMASTER!

END

KID CURRY

THE LOGAN BROTHERS WITH HARVEY LOGAN WHO BECAME KNOWN AS "KID CURRY" THE LEADER WERE THE BACKBONE OF THE WILD BUNCH/ AT THE OUTLAW RENDEZVOUS KNOWN AS "THE HOLE-IN-THE-WALL," THEY JOINED UP WITH BUTCH CASSIDY, BLACK JACK KETCHUM'S TRAIN ROBBERS, BOB LEE AND HIS RUSTLERS, ETC./

WE'LL STOP THE TRAIN AND USE DYNAMITE/ SHOOT ANYONE WHO PUTS UP A FIGHT/

RACING ALONG BESIDE A LOCOMOTIVE LABORING UPGRADE, KID CURRY LED THE ATTACK ON THE TRAINS...

BAM

51

ROAMING THE LONG AMERICAN FRONTIER, HITTING TRAINS, BANKS, AND WHATEVER TARGETS DEEMED PROFITABLE, KID CURRY LED THE WILD BUNCH IN A WILD FORAY AGAINST THE LAW/

PULL OUT/ THEY GOT TOO MANY GUNS/

HARVEY "KID CURRY" LOGAN WAS CAPTURED IN KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE/ BUT HE ESCAPED FROM THERE...

THE FANTASTIC CAREER OF KID CURRY ENDED IN A CANYON IN THE WEST WHERE KID CURRY'S LIFE WAS TAKEN BY A .45 SLUG/

A-4524

END

IT'S A BORE

EVERYONE WHO MOVED WEST HAD DIFFERENT REASONS AND DIFFERENT GOALS/ SOME EVEN HAD REASONS FOR WANTING TO STAY BACK EAST/ BUT STILL THEY CAME... MANY OF THESE PEOPLE HAD SOME PRETTY STRANGE IDEAS ABOUT WHAT THE WEST WAS LIKE...BUT THEY QUICKLY LEARNED THE FACTS/

DRIVER/ STOP THEM OR WE'LL BE KILLED/

I'M DOIN' THE BEST I CAN, LADY/

A-4415

IT BEGAN SIX MONTHS EARLIER...

PERCY, MY COMPANY IS SENDING ME OUT WEST/ TO OPEN A BRANCH OFFICE/

OH, DAD/ YOU MEAN WE'LL HAVE TO LEAVE ALL THE EXCITE-MENT HERE IN BOSTON?

PERCY'S DAD WENT AHEAD, AND SEVERAL MONTHS LATER, PERCY AND HIS MOTHER FOLLOWED...

THIS IS WHERE WE CHANGE FROM TRAIN TO STAGE COACH...

I'M SO TIRED OF ALL THIS TRAVELING...

IT'S SUCH A BUMPY RIDE...
BUMPY OR NOT, MOTHER, I'M BORED WITH THIS COUNTRY! IT'S SO DULL...
JUST THEN ONE OF THE HORSES WAS FRIGHTENED...
EEEIIIYYY
SSSSSS
DRIVER! SLOW DOWN! WE'LL ALL BE KILLED!
I'D SLOW DOWN IFFEN I COULD, M'AM!
MY WIFE AND SON ARE DUE IN ON THIS STAGE!
WELL, IT'S RIGHT ON SCHEDULE!
WELL, SON, DO YOU THINK LIFE OUT HERE WILL BE EXCITING ENOUGH FOR YOU?
EXCITING? I SHOULD SAY SO! WE DON'T HAVE A RIDE LIKE THAT BACK IN BOSTON! I CAN HARDLY WAIT FOR MY NEXT TRIP ON A STAGE COACH!
END